The Lady from the Sea

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "When Blades Are Out and Love's Afield," "Worse with the Ship," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "The Southerners," etc.

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THE LADY FROM THE SEA is the graphically appropriate title of this most fascinating and interesting serial. The story is from the pen of Cyrus Townsend Brady, author of a number of works of fiction that have received attention in the best literary circles.

Ellen Smith, the heroine of the story, is the daughter of a Confederate officer who owns a privateer, and the scene is laid during the War of the Rebellion. Ellen is a typical southern girl—proud, self-reliant and daring. Thomas Beekman Smith is a naval officer of the Government, and captures a blockade runner. They learn through a letter found aboard the ship, the location of the privateer, and also capture that craft, with Ellen aboard.

Some very entertaining and interesting chapters are devoted to life on the ocean and love-making later. Ellen appears to have betrayed Smith to the Confederates, and he barely escapes death as a spy. Later still, her father is made a prisoner on board a ship of the enemy. The hot-headed southerner disowns his daughter, when she acknowledges her love for Smith, is set at liberty and the discarded Ellen becomes the wife of the man she loves.

This story is intense in its war flavor and original in its treatment of plot and incident. The naval adventures are thrilling and well depicted, and the serial will be recognized as a very superior war story.

CHAPTER I.

Romance, in books, is associated always with the beautiful, generally with the best. We go backward into the past for a theme, since "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view." We fancy that the heart beats more warmly—certainly more gracefully—beneath satin and lace than beneath calico and fustian; that the love that quotes poetry is purer and more admirable than that which through hard necessity expresses itself ungrammatically; that diamond-buckled shoes, capering nimbly upon a carpet to the "pleasing of a lute," carry a man whose ideals must inevitably transcend those of his lowly brother who is upborne by the sabot or the brogan.

It is a dictum that there is no romance among the common people. The hero and the heroine, in the novel, must be dissociated from real life by unusual qualities and characteristics, else no one will care for their story—so, at least, it is imagined. Yet as the saddest tragedies are those of the commonplace, so the finest romances are those of the common people.

To pick up at random any of the current stories of the day is to find one evidence of a concession to the supposed popular yearning for the beautiful and the unusual in the descriptions—and, eke, the names—of the puppets who give title to the story and strut through their brief hours upon the written stage. With rare exceptions the heroines are beautiful in person, cultivated in mind, ancient in family—Lady Clara Vere de Veres, in short; while the hero is no longer beautiful, but he is strong, tall, brave, noble, generous; and if dissipated, will ultimately reform. The names, as I have suggested above, of these godlike persons correspond, so far as names may—and they may to a great degree, notwithstanding Shakspeare—to these attributes. They fall trippingly from the tongue and linger musically in the memory. Invention which might better be devoted to the story is wasted on a name that, like Wordsworth's famous light, "never was on sea or land." I have invented several myself, therefore know!

The heroine of the ensuing story is named Jones, the hero, Smith. These names have been selected deliberately. That sets this romance at once apart from all other stories that have ever been written. That it may live up to its uniquity is the prayer of the writer. There must of necessity be thousands of romances in the Smith and Jones families, there are so many of them—and they are not dying, but, on the contrary, are increasing at a rapid rate! Cannot a Smith love as well as a Montmorenci? Is not the blood of a Jones filled with the same passionate ichor as that of a Howard?

Miss Jones—her first and only other name was Ellen—was a young woman of no particular ancestry which need be dwelt upon. While it must be frankly admitted that she was not strikingly beautiful, it may be affirmed with equal truth that neither was she painfully homely. She was just a tall, well-formed, healthy American girl, such as you meet with in plenty in any community in the land. Her hair was brown, her eyes were blue, her cheeks were red, and her teeth were white—these are the usual colors, I believe. Her temper was quick, her disposition cheerful, her soul honest—nor are these qualities at all uncommon. She had been reasonably well educated for the period in which she lived, and in addition to what she had learned at the "Female Academy" she could sing a song, make a dress or cook a dinner—happily, ability of this sort is not rare. There was nothing extraordinary about her from any point of view. Thousands of women like that—Smiths, Joneses, Browns, etc.—are being loved, wooed and married every day; and the future of the country depends upon the steady continuance of a supply adequate to meet the demand.

As for Smith, the hero of this veracious tale, his first name was Thomas, intimately abbreviated to Tom. If he could have won Ellen Jones for his wife, he would have been supremely happy as well as very fortunate. If Miss Jones had no family to speak of, Mr. Smith had absolutely none at all. He had been raised—I use the word advisedly, it was more like raising then rearing—in an eleemosynary institution—to wit, a public orphan asylum. The superintendent of the institution, not being gifted with imagination, had named him Smith. He had a regular list of names for the foundlings which he bestowed upon his charges in unvarying succession, and Smith fell to the lot of this unfortunate. One of the women attendants had further called him "Tommy" after her sweetheart. To identify the little waif from the New York streets and to differentiate him from other "Tom" Smiths, of whom there were not a few, the authorities had inserted a middle name. He had been picked up in Beekman street, and in the records his full name, therefore, ran this way, Thomas Beekman Smith.

He was an unusually bright boy and as homely as they make them—freckled, red-headed, and, for all his name, evidently of Irish parentage. He was a jolly, cheerful, willing, hard-working little rat, however, who dearly loved a joke, yet who was as ambitious as a ward politician. The superintendent of the orphan asylum happened to have a brother who was a captain in the United States navy, one of the old-time, "1812," sailing-frigate captains. The superintendent's interest had been excited by young Smith. He had communicated some of this interest to his brother, and—in short, at the age of eleven the boy went to sea as a captain's servant.

By and by old Commodore Bainboro, observing there was good stuff in the lad, had him warranted a "reefer." Smith went through the usual course of the young aspirant in those days. He served creditably as a midshipman in the Mexican war, and thereafter, being still young enough, sought and received permission to go through the Naval Academy, from which he graduated in the class of '52. Behold him in the fall of 1861 a full-fledged lieutenant in the United States navy, still freckled-faced, still red-headed, still homely, still fond of a jest, still happy, and still ambitious—also in love. He was one of those rare mortals who can be happy, ambitious and in love at one and the same time.

The war between the States had just begun. Opportunities for distinction would be many. That some of them should fall to his lot and be embraced accordingly was the determination of Smith. He owed everything to the United States, and was resolute to discharge some of the obligations. Things did not look very promising at first, however. Being without influence—for old Commodore Bainboro was long since dead—the best assignment he could get for duty at the outbreak of the war was the old-fashioned sailing frigate St. Lawrence. Smith had promptly applied for an appointment to one of the new steam sloops-of-war, but his application had been passed over and he had been relegated to his useless relic of the past.

The commander of the St. Lawrence was Commodore Hiram Paulding, who had been a midshipman in the War of 1812 and commended for his gallant conduct while executive officer of the Ticonderoga at the battle of Lake Champlain. The veteran also chafed at his relegation to the St. Lawrence, but there was no present help for it. In modern times he would have been retired long since, so he might perhaps consider himself lucky at being given any command at all.

As I have said, the war had just begun. Blockade-running was in its infancy. Privateering in behalf of the Confederates was, however, beginning vigorously. Had it not been nipped in the bud by the prompt efforts of the Federal cruisers it might have done enough damage to have rendered unnecessary the appearance of the Alabama later on. The United States had proclaimed a blockade of the southern coast, but as yet it was laxly maintained, owing to paucity of force, and the Confederate privateers came and went pretty much as they pleased.

The St. Lawrence, attached to the North Atlantic blockading squadron, had been out two months and had not made a single capture. Officers and men were disgusted. Why they should have expected to capture anything in a sailing vessel when the Confederates usually employed the swiftest steamers for privateers and blockade-runners is a question. One afternoon in late July the St. Lawrence under easy sail was swinging along to the southward of Cape Hatteras. A week before she had been spoken by a dispatch-boat, which had transmitted a general order from the flag officer commanding the squadron to the effect that a certain Confederate privateer called the Petrel was fitting out in Pamlico sound for a dash to sea, and that all the ships of the squadron were cautioned to look out for her.

"Nice notice to send us," remarked Smith, who was the executive officer of the frigate, to the second lieutenant of the ship. "We couldn't catch her with this old hooker if she were anchored. Oh, why don't they lay up this tub as a guardo or store ship somewhere and give us a chance in a steamer?—something that has heels as well as guns?"

This was a poser for the second lieutenant. He did not attempt to answer it, but left Smith, who was enjoying a leisure hour, standing on the lee side of the quarter deck staring over the rail at the empty sea and vacant sky to starboard. Empty sea and vacant sky? Well, not quite. When there was nothing else to command his attention Smith could always see Ellen Jones in the ambient on the horizon. He was looking straight west. Beneath the sky line some fifty miles away rose the low sands of the chain of islands that separated Pamlico and Abemarle sounds from the ocean. On one of the broad estuaries of Pamlico sound stood the home of old Major Jones, Ellen's father. For aught Smith knew the object of his dreams was there. At any rate, he did not know that she was anywhere else, and he embodied her there without hesitation.

Major Jones was of somewhat humble English birth. As a child he had come to the United States with his elder brother, a man of much shrewdness and mercantile ability. The elder Jones, who had settled in North Carolina, had amassed a considerable fortune. With an Englishman's love for position, he had succeeded in getting a commission in the army for Ellen's father. While Smith had been stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and Ellen's father at Governor's Island, the young people had met. Smith had loved madly, Ellen had been deeply interested. Her father had been absolutely opposed to Smith's wooing. He had sent him about his business; his brother's influence had been exerted, and the young man had been ordered away on a three-years' cruise in Asiatic waters, whence he had just returned at the outbreak of the war.

The year before that Major Jones brother had died, leaving him all his property in North Carolina. The Major had resigned his command and gone down to live on his brother's plantation, taking with him his daughter, his only child. Ellen, save for her inclination towards Smith, was still heart-whole and fancy-free. It is falsely urged that the absent are always wrong. Someone has said that a proverb is a lie or a platitude. In this case the wise saw quoted above was both. If she had been allowed free and unrestricted intercourse with the homely Mr. Thomas Beekman Smith. Ellen Jones might have found it impossible to have made him the object of her romance—which is going contrary to all the theories stated in the introduction! However that may be, severed from him by the stern edict of a practical parent, the interest engendered by the ardent wooing to which she had been subjected ripened into a deeper feeling. She grew to love the absent sailor almost as the absent sailor loved her. For his sake she had refused many offers of marriage which she had received both from the army and from the surrounding people of her North Carolina home. It is not only the superlative women who have men at their feet, be it remembered. The social position of the Jones family in proud, aristocratic tidewater North Carolina was only fair. Yet Major Jones had money, his daughter was distinctly likable, and of young visitors the plantation had not a few.

Smith had come back from his Asiatic cruise with a determination, fruit of three years of absence and repression, to seek Ellen and take her, willy nilly, for his own. The war had interrupted all that. When he might see her now was a question.

(To be continued.)

Horse's Sense of Danger.

That a horse has the instincts of impending danger was demonstrated the other afternoon when an animal belonging to M. D. Swisher, county road overseer, refused to act on the bit, ran up the mountainside and saved its rider from death in a cloudburst, says the Cripple Creek correspondent of the Denver News.

Swisher was riding along Box canyon, a narrow gulch, when the horse turned from the road, and paying no attention to the rider ran up the mountain side and stopped on a ledge twenty feet above. Swisher was mystified until he saw water about eight feet deep rushing down the canyon tearing up bushes and upending everything movable. The water was from a cloudburst about half a mile farther up the gulch and the horse had heard the noise of the rushing water before the rider.

Half a mile of the Box canyon road leading to Florissant was washed out and bridges carried away. Swisher remained on the mountain side for an hour before he considered it safe to reenter the canyon.

Companionship Barred.

"'Rastus," said the man who gives advice, "if you want to prosper in this world you must go to bed with the chickens."

"Yassir," answered Mr. Pinkley. "I's willin' to go to bed wif 'em. But de folks dat owns chickens ain' sufficiently trustful."—Washington Star.

DENATURED ALCOHOL.

Oregon Agricultural College Gives Information on This Subject.

By C. E. Bradley, Oregon Agricultural College Corvallis.

On June 7, 1906, congress passed a law removing the internal revenue tax of $2.07 per gallon on grain alcohol which had been properly denatured or rendered unfit for drinking purposes by the addition of certain materials, such as wood alcohol, benzine or pyridine. It was hoped that by the removal of this tax alcohol could be obtained cheaply enough to compete with petroleum for light and fuel. The demand for such alcohol can be readily seen when we note that approximately 3,000,000 gallons of gasoline are consumed daily in the country and that the increased demand for it, due to the development of the modern explosion motor, has doubled its price in the last ten years. Indiana and Ohio oils contain only about 5 per cent of gasoline and the per cent of the lighter distillate in California and Texas crude oil is very low. The supply of gasoline therefore seems to be limited, but the demand increasing. Alcohol, it has been demonstrated, can meet this demand. Furthermore, the annual consumption of kerosene in the United States approximates 1,000,000,000 gallons, three-fourths of which are probably used by the farmers. Since one gallon of alcohol is equivalent to two gallons of kerosene for lighting purposes, 375,000,000 gallons of alcohol could be used on the farms of this country each year. This would require for its production 140,000,000 bushels of corn, or 5,000,000 acres, an increase of 5 per cent over that now grown. If made from potatoes, this 375,000,000 gallons of alcohol would require 450,000,000 bushels, or 5,000,000 acres, an increase of 60 per cent over that now produced. The present consumption of alcohol amounts to but 16,000,000 gallons per year.

Ethyl or grain alcohol is a natural product, formed by the fermentation of various kinds of sugar through the agency of yeast organisms. Since starch is readily convertible into sugar by either natural or artificial means, materials which contain notable quantities of either starch or sugar may be utilized for making alcohol. The more important sources of alcohol are the cereals, potatoes, molasses and fruits. In France alcohol is chiefly made from the sugar beet, in Germany from the potato, and in America from corn. A bushel of corn will yield approximately 2½ gallons of 95 per cent alcohol; a bushel of potatoes three-fourths of a gallon and a bushel of apples one-third of a gallon.

In the large distilleries it costs about 17 cents to manufacture and place on the market one gallon of alcohol, and the cost of the raw material used brings this ordinarily to approximately 30 cents. Allowing for the necessary profit, alcohol will reach the consumer at about 40 cents per gallon. But alcohol at 40 cents can compete with kerosene at 14 cents for lighting purposes, since alcohol has twice the illuminating value of kerosene, and in competition kerosene can never demand more than one-half the market price of alcohol.

For making cheap alcohol a cheap concentrated raw product and a well equipped plant are necessary. The plant should have a capacity of at least 100 gallons per day, the cost of such a plant being in the neighborhood of $10,000. No such plant can operate successfully on waste products alone, especially if such are to be obtained for only a brief part of the year, as, for example, waste fruits. There must be some more staple product as a basis, with the waste materials handled as a side issue. For a staple in the Northwest we must look to potatoes or sugar beets, and damaged grain when it can be secured, on which materials, together with various waste products, a plant could be operated throughout the year.

Because of the persistent inquiries relative to the merits and demerits of the wheat known locally as "Alaska," the Idaho experiment station has given the wheat a milling test and subjected the flour so obtained to chemical examination and baking tests. The results of these tests, together with such other information concerning the wheat as could be gathered from reliable sources, have just been published in bulletin form.

The wheat is apparently of the same variety that is known in southern Europe as Poulard, or Egyptian. It is used there for making macaroni and other pastes, and the flour made from it is said to be in demand by certain French markets.

Under field conditions the wheat has not made any phenomenal yields, averaging this year perhaps no better than ordinary winter wheat. The kernels are large and plump and compare favorably in appearance with much of the wheat that is raised in northern Idaho; because of their size and shape they are easily broken, however, and care must be exercised in threshing to prevent this.

The results of the milling tests show that no particular difficulty is met with in grinding the wheat. The flour secured is described as sharp and granular, and is capable of making an excellent quality of biscuits, muffins, cakes, etc. When made into light bread, color, flavor, texture and size of loaf were noted. In color the bread was darker than that baked from Turkey red, but decidedly lighter than that baked from little club flour. Flavor and texture were pronounced good. In size the loaves were inferior to those baked from Turkey red, but compared very favorably in this respect with those baked from little club flour. The bulletin may be secured by addressing the Experiment Station, Moscow.

When a woman goes into a dry goods store, and is pleased with everything shown her, it is a sign that she has no intention of buying. But if she finds fault with everything, she intends to buy that day.

Quite Useful.

"She has a very useful husband."

"How do you make that out?"

"He can always suggest something that he wants for dinner."—Detroit Free Press.

BITS FOR BOOKWORMS

The autobiography of the late Li Hung Chang is in one hundred volumes. The work has been published for Chinamen resident in America, and the purchase has been made by a monthly installment system that will extend over a century.

Both author and artist, Robert Hichins and Jules Guerin, have made pilgrimages to the land of the Pharaohs to gather impressions for the new book, "Egypt and Its Monuments," which is to be published shortly in a volume uniform with "The Chateau of Touraine." There are a score of colored pictures made from M. Guerin's paintings as well as photographs of all the famous temples and scenes. The "spell of Egypt," its mystery and beauty appeals to Mr. Hichins potently and is reproduced by him with sympathy.

"The Holland House Circle" is a book that will be of peculiar interest to lovers of literature, for broadly considered this story of this "circle of talkers" contains the intellectual history of England during half a century. Scott loved the place and frequently dined there, though he was for some time on bad terms with the hosts. It is to Byron that we owe the description of the house "Where Scotchmen dine and uns are kept aloof." It was there that the unhappy Lady Caroline Lamb first met the poet. In later days Macaulay was the chief literary figure, but Dickens, Grote, Washington Irving and others were occasional visitors there. Metternich, Talleyrand, Mme. de Stael and other foreign celebrities were among its visitors.

"The Red City," by Dr. Weir Mitchell, which is now published in book form is a continuation of the author's still popular novel, "Hugh Wynne," which was recently sent to press for the nineteenth time. The hero of the new book is a young Frenchman of noble birth and shattered fortunes who enters the employ of Hugh Wynne. Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson and other great Americans appear in the book. It does not decrease the interest of the story to remember that the author who is writing so vigorously and apparently with such zest and enjoyment is now in his seventy-ninth year, that his life has been crowded full of professional duties as a physician and literary worker, and that the new book is pronounced to be one of the ripest and best of those he has produced.

"Recollections and Reflections," by Ellen Terry, is the record of a distinguished life spent among famous people. Born of a family of actors, put to sleep as a baby in her mother's dressing room at the theater, she passed a happy childhood among people who regarded the stage as an honorable profession and trained their children carefully in its traditions. From her first appearance at the age of 8 in Charles Kean's company she practically lived at the theater. Her marriage at 16 with George Frederick Watts introduced her into a goodly company where she came into association with such men as Tennyson, Browning, Gladstone and Disraeli. The unhappy outcome of her marriage, her six years' retirement, when she was dramatically discovered by Charles Reade and induced to return to the stage again, form a dramatic story of great interest. Her intimate association with Irving, her recollections of Bernhardt, Duse, Whistler, Sargent, Burne-Jones, Joseph Jefferson and Saint Gaudens are of great interest.

How Sea Lions Capture Gulls.

The sea lion displays no little skill and cunning in capturing gulls. When in pursuit the sea lion dives deeply under water and swims some distance from where it disappeared; then, rising cautiously, it exposes the tip of its nose along the surface, at the same time giving it a rotary motion. The unwary bird near by alights to catch the object, while the sea lion at the same moment settles beneath the waves and at one bound, with extended jaws, seizes its screaming prey and instantly devours it.

Spirited Repartee.

In making a sharp turn the rear end of a street car struck an express wagon laden with jugs of whisky. Nearly all the jugs were precipitated to the pavement, with the natural disastrous result. The driver of the wagon alighted and, pointing at the pile of demolished earthenware, said to a bystander, "That's hades, ain't it?"

The spectator, who happened to be a minister, replied, "Well, my friend, I don't know that I would say that, but it's at least the abode of departed spirits."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Helping Hand.

Among the contributors to a minister's donation party was a small but very bright boy belonging to one of the families of the congregation. After obtaining his mother's permission to spend his money for anything he pleased he went to the village store and returned home with a neat package. In it was a pair of suspenders, and attached to them was a card upon which was written in a scrawling hand:

"For the support of our pastor."

When a farmer's wife has finally coaxed her husband to buy a buggy, he uses it to carry everything to town except calves and pigs.

VESSELS BEARING ROYAL NAMES

British Men-o'-War that Seem Doomed to Ill luck.

One of the strongest and most ineffaceable of all superstitions in the royal navy—superstition almost as strong today as ever it was—is that vessels bearing the name of royal personages are doomed to ill luck, and strange as it may seem there is an undeniable historical basis for this feeling, says Tit-Bits.

Some of the most terrible disasters ever known in connection with our navy have concerned war vessels with royal names. Two vessels called the Royal James came to disastrous ends. One of them exploded, and some 800 officers and seamen perished; the other ship so named was actually carried out of the mouth of the Thames by the Dutch under circumstances disgraceful to those in charge of the craft.

Then there is the forever memorable disaster of the Royal George, that turned over and sunk in sight of crowds at Spithead, over 1,000 souls, among whom were 300 women, being sacrificed. And second only to this hideous disaster is that which afterward befell the Royal Charlotte, which was consumed by fire off Leghorn, over 800 of the very flower of our navy perishing with her.

When in 1893 the Victoria, a new vessel and the very triumph of modern invention, was rammed and sunk in sight of the whole fleet there was not a sailor, however matter of fact he might be, who did not remember the dire fate of royalty named craft. Three years later a schooner named the Royalist foundered in a gale off Holyhead, while in 1891 a British bark, the Queen, was sunk and her captain and six men drowned.

Legal Information

The burial of a dog in an adjoining lot is held, in Hertle vs. Riddell (Ky.) 106 S. W. 282, 15 L. R. A. (N. S.) 796, to violate the property rights of a lot owner in a cemetery set apart for the burial of the white race, and for cemetery purposes only.

Baling of hay by a purchaser agreeing to pay a certain price per ton for hay and do the baling is held, in Driggs vs. Bush (Mich.) 115 N. W. 985, 15 L. R. A. (N. S.) 654, to be sufficient part payment to take the contract out of the statute of frauds.

The destruction of a bridge by extraordinary flood is held, in Mitchell vs. Weston (Miss.) 45 So. 571, 15 L. R. A. (N. S.) 833, to be within the obligation of a bond requiring the builder to replace it if removed from any cause, fire excepted, within a certain period.

An attempt by a municipal corporation to prohibit loitering on the streets, in so far as applied to persons conducting themselves in a peaceable, orderly manner, is held, in St. Louis vs. Gloner (Mo.) 109 S. W. 30, L. R. A. (N. S.) 973, to be an interference with the constitutional right of personal liberty.

Failure to enclose the elevator on which an employe was injured by the falling of a barrel from an adjoining elevator operated in the same enclosed shaft is held, in Fowler Packing Co. vs. Enzenperger (Kan.), 94 Pac. 995, 15 L. R. A. (N. S.) 784, to be prima facie evidence of negligence, within the meaning of a factory act requiring owners or operators of manufacturing establishments properly and substantially to inclose or secure elevators, etc.

Where an agreement by the owner of land with an adjoining owner not to sell, or permit the sale, upon the premises for a period of years, of intoxicating liquor, is not contained in a deed or indenture in the chain of title, subsequent purchasers and assigns are held, in Sjoblom vs. Mark, 103 Minn. 193, 114 N. W. 746, 15 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1129, not to be bound thereby, unless they have such knowledge or notice thereof as to imply that the burden was assumed as part of the consideration; and the record of such an agreement does not constitute constructive notice.

Wonderful American Hen.

The cackle of the American hens are swelling into a mighty chorus. Sixteen billion times a year these small citizens announce the arrival of a "fresh laid," and the sound of their bragging is waxing loud in the land.

According to the last census, there are 233,598,605 chickens of laying age in the United States. These are valued at $70,000,000, and the eggs they lay, would, if divided, allow two hundred and three eggs annually to every person,—man, woman and child—in the United States. The value of all the fowls, $85,800,000, would entitle every person in the country to $1.12, if they were sold and the proceeds divided. All the weight of the animal products exported, the pork, beef, tallow, ham, bacon and sausage, weigh 846,860 tons, while the weight of the eggs laid yearly tips the scales at 970,363 tons.—Technical World Magazine.

Carl's Aspirations.

Little Carl, six years old, had been teased a great deal by his uncle about the vocation he would choose when he became a man. One day he overheard his mother and a caller talking about a certain gentleman being a bachelor.

When the caller left, his mother noticed that he was unusually quiet and seemed to be in a deep study. Finally he said to her, "Mamma, is a bachelor a good trade?"—Delineator.

When a man talks about his principle, he usually means his prejudice.